

Color Me Bad

"6 to 14 in 12"

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hook

6 to 14 in 12, y'all motherfuckers slow as hell
It ain't no mo' going to jail
Cuz' my folk ain't got no mo' bail
Cuz' first it's me, and then it's you
I say first it's me, and then it's you

(J-Bo)

Now over the years as a Youngblood, I done walked out
and fought
There's a cost to being brought up, and still I ain't gave
a fuck
Not easier said than done, it don't matter how many
come
They got you on the lock, striking men into your bums
Sometimes I had no fun, now the law done got me
trapped
With my back against the wall, some waiting on me to
turn it back
Now that is that, and this is this, and if you miss, you
bound to slip
So watch that shit, just as they ship you, and pimp you,
and dick you
Takin' you for granted, so nigga you'd best handle it
Before they catch you slanted, don't panic, you on your
own
Now brace yourself, they everywhere off in your town,
taking what is left

hook

(Sean Paul)

I woke up quick, thought it was about noon
These drawls had me gone, Victorias and perfume
See when it too much good, somethin' got to go bad
Just yesterday got my insurance and tag
Feelin' good never bad, on the way to see flat'
Tryin' to take it to the crib tell my folks bout the zag
Now see I'm in the Lac' so I ain't drivin' too fast
Just my luck, I creeps up on they ass

The police study beats, settin' up this road block
Found out the hard way it's only 10 o'clock
And ain't no room to shake the spot, plus everything
tight
Gave em' all my shit, pulled over to the right
And what was said in my head "Now I'm all fucked up"
Like my square, sir tell me what is all this for
I ain't did a damn thang, but I'm back in this wagon
Handcuffin' this clown ass nigga still braggin'
Ain't a damn thang funny, what the hell this be bout'
Tell me where the fuck I'm going, how the hell I get out
See at times like this, you gotta depend on your folk
See we got that lil' bit, but rather spend it on dope
Now I'm out this bitch, see your ass in court
6 to 14 in 12, your too slow

Hey what's up man, hey let me get one of them
squares from you folk
I hope these niggas at the house man
Damn man ,these folk got me down here
Bout' some motherfuckin' driver's license man
What kinda shit is that man?
Made my hoe walk to the house
Man I hope these niggas at the crib man
I gotta get the hell up outta here now
That's on the blow
Man these niggas ain't at the attic man
Man, fuck this shit, man
I gotta call my momma, man fuck this

Bologna slab was thick, ain't no grits in my bowl
Tryin' to take it to the crib, and sit on my commode
They took my license, so now my shit is gone
But me and this Cadillac, we got a mind of our own
Wood grain, hill daddy tight
Ready to stomp the gas when I see a flashin' blue light
The reason that we ride like this, ain't got the funds to
get the right
Police be takin' out your ass, cash low
Ain't got no place to stash my dope, at the time
Either yours or mine, stay down on da' grind
Servin' niggas with the dope from a blunt to a line
Throw my shit in the bushes make it hard to find
It's 6 to 14 and I ain't fuckin' around

(J-Bo)
I can't help but just to be that nigga, the nigga you can't
fuck wit'
Now what the hell, just done happened, as I'm lost in
this shit
Off in these cuts, doing what I gotta do, just as I reap

bail
And break bail, up out these jail cells, see what I do well
And dat' is your last remark
So don't you start comin' around up here up after dark
Thinkin' you hard, with no regard, cause see I'm a' hit
you where it hurts
Quenches the thirst, you in the curse
Makin it bad from worse off in the hearst, from what
you done did
I kid you not, Youngbloodz and Attic Crew and takin'
shit just as you rottin'
Nigga

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